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A

POEM

To his Most Sacred MAJESTY

King William

Upon his Return from

FLANDERS.

By *E. W.* Gent.

RAise Mighty *Albion* thy Aspiring Head,
And on thy Surface all thy Glories spread;
That thy Great Prince, now he's Return'd, may see
By outward signs, thy inward Loyalty:

Let no vain Thoughts thy Noble Sons delude,
And make Thee blind with Baſe Ingratitude;
But with clear Chearful Hearts our Tongues imploy,
At once expreſſing both our Thanks and Joy,
To our Bleſt *William* ſo divinely good,
Whoſe Name all Vertues does at once include.
Welcom thou moſt Serene and Happy Prince,
Who warms our Iſle with thy Bleſt Influence,
And in the face of Winter home doſt bring
Amongſt thy Subjects a delightful Spring.
Your Abſence long was by your Subjects Thought,
Which Magnifies the Bleſſings you have brought;
As Lovers after tedious Abſence meet,
With Souls diſſolving do each others greet,
And by their Joy that height of Love reveal,
Which frequent Dalliance did before conceal.
Great Prince, the Vertues ſeated in your Mind,
Do the whole World to Acts of Juſtice bind,
And by thoſe Trophies you abroad have gain'd,
The *Gallick* Wolf within his Den is Chain'd;
Lodg'd in ſafe Covet, ſnarling lies, afraid
In open Fields to ſhew his fearful Head;
Thus from ſecure intrenchments dare not paſs
To look the *Belgick* Lion in the Face;
Who oft in Foreign Fields defying Fate,
Where the loud Engines of Deſtruction wait,
From whom the Meſſengers of Death are ſent,
Quick as Hail Showers from the Firmament:
Yet thou great Prince a brave Defiance bids,
And through the ſtorm with bold Aſſurance rides,
Which thy admiring Foes at diſtance ſee,
And think Thee ſome Immortal Deity.

Go on Great Soul, and let proud *Lewis* feel
Thy Heart as well as Sword is touch'd with Steel,
And dare it ſelf in ſuch Attempts expoſe,
He dare not ſtand to ſee, much leſs expoſe.
No Marſhal deeds in former Ages done,
No Conqueſt by the *Roman Cæſars* won,
No Acts there are which Noble Souls purſue,
But what, great Sir, have been outdone by you;
As if our Iſle on Heaven had forc'd a Rape,
And got ſome God conceal'd in Human Shape:
For by your Bleſt Succeſs, Mankind may ſee
You're more than Man, if leſs than Deity.
Should to each Prince ſuch Heavenly Fire be given,
Or ſhould their Souls like yours, partake of Heaven,
Should the God's Bounty ſo exhauſt their Store,
This World would then be Rich and Heaven Poor.
But that Bleſt Power to ſhew peculiar Care
O're him, where ſuch Divine Perfections are,
Has given your Soul a Power to baffle Fate,
And ſtill in ſpite of Chance prove Fortunate.
By thoſe Bleſt Vertues to your Greatneſs given,
You ſeem the only Favourite of Heaven;
And we the only Happy Nation are,
Beneath your Conduct, Courage and your Care;
As if on Earth ſome Deity was ſent
To Purify our *Engliſh* Government;
That our Pale Rival Enemies may ſee
No Nation's ſo Divinely Bleſt as we:
Our Laws by Antient Maxims do aver,
That Kings poſſeſt of Thrones can never err;
Which now is prov'd inevitably true,
Since by you Deeds 'tis manifeſt in you.

Great

Great Prince, for ever Live, and Heavens Bleſs
By Sea and Land your Forces with Succeſs;
And may you hourly ſuch delights acquire
Beyond what we can wiſh, or you deſire,
And e're your Souls above theſe Limits hurld,
May you become ſole Monarch of the World;
That your Bleſt Conſort ſo divinely Fair,
Of all your Bleſſings may have equal ſhare.

FINIS.

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